Once upon a dream

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Once upon a dream

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Sequel to "Today was a fairytale." Now married, Will and Nigel live a blissful existence, save for Nigel changing to wolf form when the cold winter comes -- leaving Will in human form while they can't communicate fully for months. While they both want Nigel to bite and change Will so they can be together forever in the same forms, Nigel has some worries and hesitations. Luckily, nobody can charm Werewolf Daddy better than his darling Little Red Riding Will.

What Will wants most is for Nigel to chase him through the woods on their anniversary night, and to catch him -- then change him...a deliriously fun and dangerous proposition...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“I assure you, I am ready, Nigel,” said Will in an upbeat tone one evening as they sat together by the fire.

The wolf sitting on the rug, stretched out and enjoying the attention he received from the lovely, curly-haired boy, gave a low whine of annoyance.

“I am not trying to spoil the mood, husband,” Will sighed. “I don’t know; I suppose I thought if I asked you while you were in wolf form…but you’re just as stubborn this way as when you’re human.”

As Will absent-mindedly scratched behind the wolf’s ears and then patted his head, stroking the silky-smooth silver hair on his back next, the wolf gave him an unmistakably amused look.

“Yes, I realize I’m stubborn too. Thank you. But my love, hear me out,” Will elaborated, having carefully drafted and memorized this latest speech. “If you would simply bite me, I shall become a wolf and we may enjoy eternal life together. I should be able to join, assist and defend you in the savage adventures of your winters, in the joy of a hearty hunt. Furthermore, when it is cold out, I too shall be a wolf and we needn’t wait to express the full extent of our love for one another.”

Will bit his lip, already slightly regretful of having ventured so far after his husband had assured him, in human form, the subject was closed. That had been several months ago, but now as their anniversary approached, Will found himself powerless against the need to be completely as one with Nigel. It would bubble up in him despite his every attempt to be good and say nothing of it.

So he did not mention that if this unusually cold autumn were to continue much longer, it would simply become winter. And Will would not see, nor be held in the arms of his strong, manly husband for months on end. He could only imagine how the fear of this tormented Nigel; certainly it would be too cruel ever to voice this worry.

If Nigel thought it was right and best for Will to be a wolf, he would have bitten him or promised him to do so at some point in the near future. An anniversary would be perfect, for example. (Just as an example!) But it was clear from his behavior, his expressive animal communication, the book was still locked shut on this subject, so far as Nigel was concerned.

The wolf made a sad noise and nuzzled into Will’s thigh.

“Oh, Nigel,” Will sighed. As a proud silver wolf or as a roguishly handsome silver-haired man, his husband was equally lovable, beautiful, and adored. He leaned over his wolf with a gentle hug.

“I’m sorry. I won’t keep mentioning it. Why don’t I read to you from our book of knights and damsels? I promise to do the voices.”

Nigel rose with a yawn and bestowed a longing gaze on the young man sitting on the rug with his legs stretched out. Will was stunning by candle-light, startlingly beautiful. His lovely, smooth skin shone by the welcoming blaze; his cheeks were flushed and pink, his naughty, petulant lips reddened with restless nibbling as Will worked up the nerve to ask once more for the Wolf's Kiss.

He wore only his white nightgown, the one with the lace collar which Nigel had bought him from the fanciest store in the small, nearby village. It cost all his coin, but to see how the sumptuous fabric lay against Will's skin, and how the loose collar exposed the boy's beautiful shoulder, the swan-like divinity of his neck, was worth that and more.

At the time, Will had gone quite red and denounced the notion of spending that much on a frivolity. However, he had been extremely taken with the richly-made sleeping gown, which, truth be told, clearly held a second purpose aside from being soft and pleasant to sleep in. That night, when Nigel laid Will down in their bed, his big, work-calloused hands moving right up his boy's pretty legs and then his thighs, that particular gown proved to be more an obstacle to a good night's sleep than conducive to it. All as Nigel had planned, of course, with Will the overjoyed recipient of his wild, relentless love-making.

In this moment, once Nigel had given his husband a certain Look, Will understood his meaning, which was, "I shall just go out and see to the sheep, and then I'll come in for the rest of the night and we can read together."

"Of course. Please, don't be long, husband." Will gave him a warm, apologetic smile, longing for Nigel's presence in any form, as always.

Will opened the front door so Nigel could go out onto the ground, which was slippery with a glaze of half-frozen snow. His movements remained poetic, in Will's view. Watching his wolf was nothing short of hypnotizing.

But soon Nigel turned to look at him and Will understood the scolding. He was to go back in at once and remain warm by the fire, not let himself catch his death of cold in the thin nightgown, standing in the doorway staring out at his animal husband tending to the farm animals.

"Very well," Will murmured, closing himself back into the snug cottage with a sigh.

He sat down in an armchair in front of the fire and picked up their book, admiring the fantastical illustrations of dragons and jousting heroes.

The silver wolf passed the window from outside and watched as his husband curled up his pale legs and got cozy, absent-mindedly nibbling his thumb as he saw a particularly interesting part of the story. His curls were still slightly damp from his bath, and Nigel knew exactly how warm and supple his body would feel at this moment.

The wolf's own yearning would eat him alive if the cold snap in the air did not end soon.

No prince, no knight in shining armor nor any damsel, distressed or resplendently happy, ever looked so very, very pretty as Nigel's sweet little husband, on this and every night.

Will was in the habit of always asking him to hurry back, but it was a kind of private joke between them, as they were so addicted to each other's presence. It was a foregone conclusion Nigel would not stay away for long.

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Ever since they had married, Nigel considered it his responsibility to make something "more" of himself and provide for his dear, precious Will. He was almost desperately certain he in no way deserved his perfect angel, and he would gladly toil day and night to be worthy, to make sure Will had the life of comfort he deserved, if not quite a luxurious one.

But they were so happy in their nice, small, adorable cottage at the edge of the forest. It was the sort of home they both preferred: rustic and cozy, already a pretty place, but doubly so when covered all over the front with honeysuckle in the warm seasons.

Here, they might indulge their love as they did nearly constantly, when Nigel was in human form and when he was also not working.

And here, Nigel had begun growing more of a farm business for himself, working odd jobs around the village and for the forest folk until he could purchase a few sheep and begin breeding them to grow a herd.

A year on, or very nearly, from their wedding day, Will and Nigel now had more sheep, plus several cows and two horses, and a hen named Hester who did not lay enough eggs. Nigel suggested cooking her for Sunday dinner in vengeance for her laziness, but Will liked the fat hen and wanted her as a pet. She was out in the hen house clucking away even now as the wolf Nigel felt like rolling his eyes. Nigel could never tell Will "no," except in that one, most painfully essential matter…

Will loved all the animals in the farm in the most contented, kind way, especially their sheep dog, Winston, who trotted alongside Nigel now. Together, they directed the sheep into their pen for the night. Nigel fastened the gate with a deft nudge of his snout and returned Winston's friendly, cheerful "goodnight" bark.

He had taken a good half hour to finish the outdoor tasks to the extent he could as a wolf, and yet he had not come up with one solution to the problem of Will's obsession. His boy wanted to be with him forever, and that was bliss incarnate, but on the other hand, to condemn Will always to be a wolf in winter. To have to see Will suffer the agonies of the bite and the pain of first transformation…how could Will not blame Nigel and regret his choice? And then what would Nigel do, if he ruined Will's life and destroyed his happiness? It was his job to protect and provide for Will, after all!

Fuck my past self, the overgrown, useless toddler. If I'd behaved properly before, I would always be a man now, for Will, instead of this.

It was all Nigel's bloody fault, for having been such a careless man in his life before Will. However, he also could not have explained why life should have had any meaning whatsoever without having Will in it.

He'd gotten drunk one night in a tavern and stumbled towards the cabin he had been living in at the time, little better than an idle jack-of-all-trades who loved getting into trouble and outsmarting any scrape he landed in.

After learning the hard way what an empty existence that was, he'd started building a life of integrity, but of course, by then, he was only half human at most.

A wolf had gotten him, out of pure self-defense it seemed, when he stepped hard on its paw with his heavy work boots. He hadn't seen the wolf sleeping on the cold winter's ground, and the pain he caused the creature was severe enough to cause an outburst of temper.

The wolf, Gabi, apologized for the bite and trained Nigel well enough in the ways of their kind that he came to forgive her – particularly as it really had been a painful moment for her, and he had been drunkenly idiotic. Gabi, Nigel, and another wolf named Charlie had formed a small pack with other local wolves, but even though he knew this was supposed to be family, Nigel never connected that way.

At the time he assumed he wasn't built for family, and being a husband to anyone never entered his mind. Why should he even deserve that? Who would be foolish enough to throw their lot in with him for life, even without the fucking ordeal of being half wolf?

This had been his somewhat absent-minded belief on the matter, until one day, Nigel saw his dear Little Red Riding Hood in all his stubborn, adorable beauty, and changed again, this time not from man to beast, but from a hapless wanderer to a man in love, with a purpose.

In the here and now, Nigel felt numb to the biting cold, not because of his fur, but the heavy paranoia of not knowing when he would be human. He had seen his share of unseasonably hot or cold seasons in this country, and a cold snap in October often led to a vengeful few weeks of warm, or even hot, before winter made its presence known. His most dreaded time of year, and the hardest to endure almost always a wolf, while his dear Will was ever gorgeous and all too human, so soft and close.

He would probably have to wait at least a week to make love to Will again, but what in all the whole fucking world could he possibly do? He could not bear to think of either abstaining from binding Will to him eternally, or the consequences if he did so and destroyed the life of this man he loved far more than his own existence.

Will must always come first. Nigel might be a rough-and-tumble man of simple origin, and good intentions were still a thing he was learning, but he had his own code of honor. He stuck to it strictly, and it now revolved around his boy.

Yet…if Will came first, did that not suggest that Nigel ought to do as his boy asked, and let that be the final word in this baffling conundrum?

He jumped lightly over the cold earth and made a quick path for the house, gratefully certain as to a course of action.

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When he returned, Will was waiting. He'd been peeking at the window as usual to be sure he got up and went to open the door when his "Dear Wolf" returned. Nigel looked up at his boy with large and marveling eyes, lost in wonderment that this was really who he came home to, who brought him in from the cold no matter what form he held, and in spite of all his other flaws or past mistakes.

It gave him a giddy, floating feeling, going from the rustic farmyard of a cold fall night to the waiting embrace of his beloved, even if he could not touch Will as he wished to or feel those soft, adoring hands on his skin. Instead, he gave into the night for what it was, and found a transcendent joy in having his head cradled in Will's lap and being read to in a gentle, mesmerizing tone. Fingers sliding through his fur, making him feel more real and more as if he could stay in one piece, did him all the good in the world. Will always knew how to take care of him, a mutual habit they gave each other constantly.

In bed, he snuggled up against Will's solid and reassuring form, and soon found that between his work outside, his deep thinking, and the soothing story, it was hard to keep his eyes open. Will slept with a smile, as he always did since they married, and Nigel forgot to be worried, or to do anything but sink into the simple "us" of this night until it felt magically safe. Then he drifted into dreams of just being with Will, doing ordinary things, and making them feel extraordinary with the elevating power of their love. And that felt more magical still.

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A stroke of luck came to the husbands who lived in the small and snug cottage in the deep of the woods. The bitter air which had plagued them for a few weeks subsided like a sigh being let out, and a regular autumnal sort of weather followed. Nigel was infinitely glad and grateful to be human again. It often happened in unexpected moments.

This time, he was outside in the yard, guiding the sheep, when he started to feel the tell-tale twitches of his form. With a quick, meaningful look to Winston, who took over leading the sheep, Nigel hid behind the barn so as not to startle them, and it began.

He hardly felt pain, or at least hardly cared anymore about the pain of feeling his whole body change with brutal snaps and clicks of bone and muscle. The raw, sharp sensations ringing through him only made Nigel elated. This is what he wanted. He longed to have a talk with Will about what he had decided, and of course, in general to be a man with his husband again in every sense.

When it was over, the fur had disappeared almost entirely from his body, save for an impressive, soft pelt of it on his muscular chest, and the silver sheen of his hair, left shaggy and wild by the natural madness of the Change. He came back entirely naked, shameless in fact, even in the bright light of a sweet, calm Autumn morning. There was no one at all to see him here, except for the one person he wanted to see him, inside and out, body and soul.

It was the same thing, after all, so far as Nigel could tell. He shook off the aches of the transition, rolling his shoulders back, taking a moment to restore regular breathing and feel the pleasant sunshine all over his naked, strong, upright and capable human body.

Now he was a man again, he felt almost excessively virile, and knew exactly what to do about it.

He found Will in the kitchen, and came in quietly to surprise the boy with the delightful fact of his Change. Smothering an excited laugh with a hand so reassuringly big, firm and fleshy, Nigel tugged on Will's apron strings playfully, just letting the warmth of his breath tease the boy's neck ever so slightly.

Will was startled and looked up from his work at the stove. He had been criss-crossing the top of a cherry pie with dough, preparing to put it in the oven to be savored later, after their lunch. "Oh, my love!" Will exclaimed, leaving the pie immediately, though his work had left him with powder on his face and hands, and smelling of the juicy, tart cherries.

There was absolutely nothing else for it: Nigel put his arms out and into them came his Little Red Riding Hood, who would always be that to him, whether Will had on his cape or not. Will would ever be who he had been the first day Nigel had seen him; their love was unchangeable, so why had immortality seemed so out of reach?

Nigel picked his husband up matter-of-factly and was kissing him hard before he set him down on the opposite counter, continuing to lick deep into the boy's warm mouth with ravenous passion.

"You have been sampling the cherries," he chuckled against the boy's mouth, finding the flavor of berries so dark and sweet on those lips again and again, while Will giggled in return, the sound swallowed up by more kisses and more.

"How convenient that you should always return to me naked," Will declared playfully, running his hands all over Nigel, feeling his powerful arms and his broad, strong back, the texture of his soft hair and the relentless drowning force of his kiss, hot, wet, skillful and endless.

"Mmm. I don't think I want you naked, my dear." Nigel smirked as he drew back, his eyes heavy with lust. Quickly, without breaking eye contact, he found the buttons of Will's simple white shirt under his adorable apron and unfastened them, slipping it off as he kissed Will's neck like the starving man he was. Next, he hopped his husband down with an even more wicked smile and got rid of Will's plain trousers.

"Ah, such simple garments, my darling." Nigel bit at Will's delicate skin with his human teeth, deeply enjoying the cascade of moans which had been slipping from Will's lips with every touch, every consuming, obsessive kiss, bite or lick.

The hungry groping and wicked sparkle in Nigel's eyes never failed to stoke the fire of Will's own rather unmanageable desire. They were excellently matched in this sense, however wide the gap in their ages.

"So easy for me to just - there, isn't that better?" He'd managed to take everything off Will, save for the apron, with its nice little ruffle of lace along the pockets, and the neatly tied ribbon on the back.

"So much better," Will said with a grin and another searing kiss, his arms winding around Nigel's neck as the older man's hands landed on his pert ass with an immediate, firm grope. "Oh, Nigel, I've missed you, how I've missed you."

“I know, my love…here, let me show you, let me make it all better again…”

As he laid his darling on the bed and kissed him all over his body, knowing all the right places to tease and taste lightly or mark with his teeth, his heart swelled with the moment.

Euphoric, Will told him, “I don’t need you to make anything up to me though, my Dear Wolf. For I love you just exactly the way you are, and in any form.”

Touched by the words and how true they clearly were, Nigel took the boy in his arms and then took him apart, slowly but with greedy passion. He opened Will with his lips, tongue and fingers and sucked the boy’s perfect, rigidly hard cock at the same time, knowing this would bring Will to a quick, helpless release. Like the Change, this was what he wanted. Nigel wanted Will to come as many times as he could physically make happen, and he was tireless in his insistence.

Will was even softer, more pliable and whimpering in his embrace by the time Nigel finally sank his thick cock deep into him, soothing Will when each inch nudged in further, well-lubricated, but so “huge,” as Will fussed in broken tones. It was often so, as if Will could not quite believe Nigel was really going to fit. Amusing, after all, considering that Nigel’s normal erection was nothing at all compared with the girth of his knot.

And Will would certainly be getting that.

It was another lucky turn of events that the day had no particular plans in it – or at least, it hadn’t till now.

And as usual, when Nigel found himself buried to the hilt in the silken, warm, tight heaven where he always felt most at home, Will’s eyes went huge as he cried out, “*Nigel!* It’s…so big…you’re…big…*oh,* by all the heavens and hells–” Tears squeezed from beautiful blue eyes as Will reacted to the shock with eager grabs to keep his husband deep and close. He tried, in fact, to get even more, putting hands on Nigel’s ass to encourage it.

“There now, sweetheart,” said Nigel again, the words like the most restorative medical elixir given in the midst of a fever it was incapable of curing. “Yes, I always am. And you are so very tight, darling, I’m afraid it is always going to be just this intense for you.”

“That’s – not a problem –” Will moaned, going red in the face and starting to move rhythmically up towards Nigel for each thrust downward his husband made, long, slick glides into his hole that felt like getting the breath knocked out of him while pleasure radiated from his erogenous places so urgently, he could care for nothing else, nor truly remember much outside this experience. He even assumed it might never end, Nigel was that all-consuming.

“I am – not complaining,” he added in a rough mewl as he was taken with great satisfaction and mischief by his husband, who had laid him flat on his stomach and blanketed his smaller body with his until it felt huge, including the massive cock nudged between his boy’s cheeks so near to his needy entrance.

“I didn’t think so, my beauty,” Nigel said between ragged grunts and groans of pleasure.

He stared at the way Will looked, laid out for the taking with only his apron on, the ribbons so beguiling as they circled his slender waist, the color red like the cherries and his favorite cape. There was nothing quite like the two shades together, and he felt intoxicated on the sight, while the naughty act of fucking Will in the apron had its own distinct appeal.

He could leave Will waiting no longer, not with all those little, sweet whines and pleas. And so, he pressed his beloved down to the bed with one hand, using the other to hold him around the shoulders, his arm across Will's chest. His cock was so hard, it was almost no effort to line it up and sink in. While he had that tight grip on Will, covering the boy inescapably with his body, he fucked him hard and growled in his ear, "Such a good husband – ah! taking care of our nice, little home each day. Mmm, you keep the fire warm and cozy and make me all sorts of morsels – yes, ahh, that's it, that's it, Will, yes, good boy! – to tease my appetites."

"Y-yes, Nigel, I love to," Will said, in a delirium which almost had him drooling. "I want you – hungry – only for me –!"

Unexpectedly, or at least to him, Will orgasmed again, even more fiercely, pleasure causing him to shudder as his body squeezed Nigel and milked his cock until the inevitable occurred.

"Do you want it, you beautiful fucking angel, hmm? Do you want my knot, little husband? It won't go down soon."

"Please knot me, Nigel," Will said with a weak sob.

That sound was the bravest one Nigel had ever heard. It nearly broke his heart because it was too full of love at the way his darling took him, despite the indescribably immense and overwhelming sensations he must endure. Not only that, but the fact of remaining in bed for hours on end still penetrated and filled with Nigel. They would be locked together in a very real sense.

For both men, it was when their minds were simultaneously haziest and most clear. Will cried and shook, Nigel held him and knotted him even more deeply and better than ever, shhhing his sweet cries and promising him no end of special treats later, for being so good and lovely and brave.

The ecstasy that took Nigel over in the experience combined the height of the strongest, most shocking orgasm with the throes of unique, agonizing delight that came with entirely claiming Will in this way.

It was at least a half hour before either could form words, as their minds remained clear, yet seemingly empty in their special, usual way. Always something to look forward to, a release from reality into a deeper place only they shared.

Then, nothing could please them more than to cuddle together with Nigel spooning his boy and speaking softly. At first, in feathery whispers, which was all they could manage. The sheets were soaked in sweat and the essence of their desires, and their skin stuck together in the heat of the joining, which felt sinful but had certainly been approved in the local church. It felt sinful anyway, to their mutual delight.

“Sweetheart, I’ve figured out what to do about our biggest dilemma,” Nigel murmured when they were more fully aware, still joined, but less exhausted from the way they had got there. “I hope it will make sense.”

There was no need to elaborate; they both knew with obsessive, often stressful concern of the central issue, the only nettle in the smooth perfection of their love.

“Oh? Please, tell me, Nigel.” Will held his husband’s arm where it embraced and encircled him, and patiently awaited the explanation.

“I thought and thought, although it may have looked pretty stupid while I was doing it in wolf form.”

“It was cute. I could certainly tell you had something particular in mind.”

“As you are the cutest being in creation, I must consider you an expert, and that to be a great compliment.” Nigel nuzzled into Will’s neck, scenting him and kissing. “Darling, I leave it entirely in your own hands. If you wish me to bite you, name the day or night, and decide the place, the methods, all. That is, if you prefer to do so. However, if you feel – today or later, anytime before potentially enacting it – that you cannot do it – fear is completely normal and justified…I will never, ever resent or regret it. We will live a perfect and marvelous life either way.”

“Oh, I know we will,” Will said, looking like the cat who just got the cream in more ways than one. With a boyish, yet wise and arch smile, he immediately announced his wishes. It was clear to Nigel his boy had already planned it, just in case the older man gave permission for the bite to occur.

“How so, you fucking adorable little sensuous, beautiful minx? You naughty coquette,” Nigel grinned crookedly. “Oh, sorry for the cursing…”

“I don’t mind it and never have.” Will seemed pleased as well to know he had driven Nigel well past the bounds of his daily attempts to hold back at least half of his spoken curse words.

“In that case, I am prepared to hear your terms,” Nigel responded in a teasing, yet deeply invested way.

“Very well, husband. It is thus. You married me upon my birthday one year ago. I wish to be reborn again on that same date. You are to hunt me, come this Friday evening at midnight, the very time of our exact anniversary day beginning. And when you catch me, you shall *bite* me.”

“Ohhh,” Nigel growled softly again, his knot swelling even more as they moaned. He bit Will’s neck now, the gesture harmless, but foreshadowing. He snarled euphorically, “Yes, love. That, I will.”

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It was with excited trepidation that Will prepared more meticulously than he had for their actual wedding day. Well, that was just some vows in a church, and while lovely, this was literally going to change everything about Will's life.

After this, Will would be restructured as a living being, so that he would always be in step with Nigel. No boundaries between species and seasons would ever be allowed to part them or drive a wedge between them, interrupting the fullness of their company. Those days were gone, indeed.

It was with happiness and a delectable kind of fear licking at his skin from within that Will arrived at the starting point of the chase, the biggest tree on the outer border of the farm property. Beyond, the wilds of the forest went on for miles and miles. He knew that he could skillfully evade Nigel as long as he liked, having always been not only a clever lad, but unusually tricksy and sly. And he knew with equal, emphatically overjoyed certainly that made terror prickle all over his skin like a thousand points of pleasured pain, Nigel would get him, in the end. Would give him the Wolf's Kiss.

He understood that after a few hours of a pleasant sensation from the teeming, fresh bite, a fever might set in, or an exhaustion at least, and they had planned for Nigel to take care of him. The first Change of his new life was to follow whenever the cold weather returned, and he was almost horribly pleased to think of it. How they'd folic, play and run through the woods together! Finally, to really understand and communicate directly with Nigel as only another wolf could. No amount of discomfort, or even torture, could hold Will back from that or tamper with the bliss of it.

He was scrupulously clean on this night, suitable for rebirth, but quite unsuited for a dirty chase through the woods, which was going to end – with no question about it – in him being pinned to that very dirt and smeared all over.

It was more satisfying to be dirtied when he started out clean, Will decided, and further, he'd gone so far as to purchase a special potion from the village apothecary, designed to conceal his natural scent. Instead of the usual way he'd come to smell in their home, and on the farm, of pine and cherries, Will now smelled of lavender and sage.

However, this was done only to make the chase more fun. Perhaps the disguise would temporarily slow Nigel's prowess in getting to him, but Nigel always said he could smell Will anywhere. His obsession with scenting Will rather confirmed it, and Will liked to play with Nigel's obsessions, in his own loving and obsessed style.

The appointed time arrived, and the evening was again neither hot nor cold, not even really warm, but just a stabilizing, in-between sort of mixture, pleasant enough. Not crisp and cold, but cool and breezy. He still knew he was about to get so sweaty, he'd be dripping with it. And off he ran.

Darting through the woods on a path he had carefully mapped and planned, only in his mind's eye, of course, Will went quiet as he could on his way, planning a wide circle around the span of this part in the woods, basically having his fun eluding his husband and wondering when he'd be caught. He did not care to go too far, as being caught was half the

fun of the chase, but still, he intended to savor Nigel's uncertainty and desperation, the aroused drive to get to Will which was probably already blooming in his husband.

As he chased, he would grow more feral. This was just what they needed.

Like all else about Nigel, it excited Will to trembling and gasping. But he kept quiet and ran with all his youthful vigor.

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Nigel laughed in amusement at first to discover Will had tried to cover his scent, with some sort of natural elixir, it seemed. It was only like smelling his own little husband, with the sweet essence of cherries and the homey scent of pine, but as if a heavy dousing of herbs had been sprinkled all over.

Will couldn't hide from Nigel; the older man's senses were too honed when it came to the boy. However, Nigel was soon impressed by Will's smart, calculating moves and decisions. Although Nigel found him several times, and ran faster than a normal man could, Will never tried to outrun him in such moments. Instead, he would sneak into some chameleon-like nook or cranny and disappear long enough to make Nigel have to look around. Whenever his husband's eyes were averted from where he was hiding, Will could change to a new hiding place further off.

Although they had planned this, not only to be fun and sensuous, but to aggravate him purposely, Nigel eventually found the aggravation severe, rippling through him with a surge of adrenaline as his body insisted he get his boy and keep him, mark him, claim him. Although he knew that Will would never, ever run from him in earnest, his wolf side and his old, human insecurities soon conspired to make him so desperate to lay hands on the boy, he felt his fangs begin to descend.

"Will!" he shouted, his voice deeper and thickened by the size of his dangerous, gleaming-white and razor-sharp fangs. "You very fucking literally cannot hide from me, darling, I was made for you. I'm too much *yours*. I'm going to tear you apart! Are you frightened? Are you shaking, my wicked little beauty?"

"No," Will called back flirtatiously. "I am not, Big Bad Wolf that you are. I want you to do all that you please with me, but first, you have to catch me!"

His voice seemed to be echoing off the trees and vibrating off of jewel-toned leaves; carried on mystical air around Nigel. The frustration had so pressed in on Nigel's senses that his attention was compromised by a sickening wrath. Oh, but he'd never felt so alive. No one else could make him feel this way.

Nigel howled, in no danger of turning on such a warm night, but as close to wolf as he could be without going through the Change. His eyes darkened and his jaw clenched.

He'd said everything he could to put a fright into the boy, make him understand he'd be mastered and claimed, then behave and stop this hiding of what Nigel needed most and

craved to consume again and again. And Will laughed whole-heartedly, never scared. Only enjoying the thrill of this as Nigel's involuntary, irrational rage mounted.

Will kept up the chase for two hours with every naughty, brilliant ruse and slip-away he could concoct, until finally, Nigel correctly ran around a tree to collide into the lad, letting out a rough growl at the hard, painful contact.

Will cried out in shock more than pain, although it had hurt when they ran into each other and smacked their chests and elbows so harshly. It didn't matter. "Now," Nigel said in a gritty, animal way, gripping Will's arms with feral strength. "You're mine. Don't try and escape again, my darling. It's going to hurt enough without you adding to it by resisting."

"Is it going to hurt so terribly, Nigel?" Will batted his eyelashes, although his heart was speeding with fear of what he'd asked for and needed.

"It's going to feel like you're fucking *dying*, sweetheart," Nigel assured him, his voice tight. He stood holding his prey in a vice grip. Will had ceased all struggle, simply listening and turning pale.

"When I bite you, your body will release a series of soothing chemicals, from the bite itself and the wolf venom. That is so you don't actually die from the shock of the pain, you understand. You understand, pretty thing?"

He shook Will slightly as many feelings shone in his eyes, which looked black in the dark of the night under the intertwining branches. Reflections of branches and the moon glimmered in Nigel's gaze, but Will could see love, excitement and anxiety along with the feral anger and need to possess. They were all the same. After all, it was always only love.

"This is how you and I planned it, Nigel. We wanted you like this, or you wouldn't have gotten your fangs," Will said in his most comforting voice.

The boy was a sight. Totally breathless from the chase where only his wits had helped him evade such a powerful predator, Will had streaks of grass and dirt on his light shirt and trousers, and on his pretty face. He looked as if he'd grown up from the earth like a part of it, an offering to Nigel's beastly needs.

Will's eyes, too, were darker this late as the sky was black, only scattered stars to break the onyx sea of it. Those eyes looked like navy reflecting pools, and when Nigel looked in them, half-lost in feral confusion, reduced to primal urges above all else, he saw himself as Will saw him instead – a monster, but a divine and adored one.

Something warm curled in his stomach, something that made him growl again, and he threw Will over his shoulder, turned and ran full-force deeper into the woods.

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Nigel laid Will down on a blanket of soft fallen leaves mixed with wildflowers. He ran his hand all the way down the boy's body, feeling his firm, young perfection, not gently. He was groping and squeezing, as if Will was his to do with as he pleased, and Will was simply

expected to like it or want to serve him. Will's breath caught, and seeing him aroused, soft and open for whatever his smallest or worst whim might be, Nigel said roughly, "I can't hold it back any longer, my beautiful love."

He was fighting his wolf side even to get the reasonable words out, and this solemn reminder. "Are you absolutely sure, Will? Once done, it's forever."

Will nodded quickly and smiled, "Yes, I'm positive. I know what I want with you, and forever's the only thing that will suffice. Please, take what is yours, husband. We'll never be parted."

Nigel let himself go then, leaning down with a savage snarl before fastening his mouth tight to a vulnerable, soft place on the boy's long, creamy neck.

Will quivered, knowing that this was nothing and the pain was imminent.

He closed his eyes, and felt the excruciating torment of the wolf's fangs, like swords piercing his flesh and refusing to stop in their incessant slashing and stabbing. For a moment, he believed he was certainly going to die, and that Nigel had lost too much control. He feared his husband would tear his skin right off. But just as this panic set in and the pain seared through him at its absolute worst, it climaxed somehow.

Will came back to himself as his back arched and he stretched his neck back. Nigel held him tightly and finally removed his fangs, slowly, from the fair skin they had forever marked. Worshipfully, he traced his fingertips over the stab wounds of his fangs on Will's gorgeous neck.

Of course, Nigel bit Will all the time when they made love, but those were just that: human love bites, mischievous and cheeky, but ultimately harmless. This was like no bite; it was the kiss of death and the gift of a monstrous birth all in one; it was the utmost Nigel could give Will of himself.

This was when Will understood he had been moaning in a loud, wailing, but certainly sensuous and almost raunchy manner since he'd been bitten, and the sound was not only involuntary, torn from him just as Nigel had warned ("*I'm going to tear you apart*"), but accompanied by a second wave of unbearably strong sensation from the throbbing bite mark that shone crimson with the same blood that stained Nigel's fangs.

It was like the moan, a long, drawn out escalation of feeling that he suddenly heard, or in this case, felt. He felt nice, now, as the chemical response to the venom took over within him. "Oh, Nigel," he said, sinking fast into the arousing delirium. "The bite feels…*good*. You look so beautiful, husband, in your wild glory…so much mine."

"If I'm yours, then you ought to fucking *take me*, darling, all of me, right here and now." Nigel's eyes flashed savagely, but Will was already tugging his husband down on top of him with woozily, lazily spread legs.

"That's right. I am yours, and you're mine. I intend to take every inch of you right here. How else would we mark the occasion, after all?"

His own coy and flirtatious voice was a bit distant, but the feelings on his skin and in his bones, and the blood rushing to his already prominent erection were so deep in him that they felt like fangs as well. Every feeling in his body and being seemed only to come from the bite, seeping and pouring out of his wound like holy grace.

Nigel was rougher than usual, tearing Will's clothes off and doing nothing more for his own than to rip aside the part of his trousers that covered his cock. He took it out in his tight fist and stroked it before Will's wide eyes. He was enormously hard, dripping with desire and breathing hard.

Even partway into beastly madness, his Nigel could never resist the taste of Will. He licked at Will's hole with a wet, hot aggression that made Will's body relax because of how exciting this was; the heady, confusing pain and pleasure in the bite wound, the rough way Nigel touched and licked at him, truly like prey. While thrusting into him with his fingers, Nigel licked Will's jaw and inhaled his skin, starting to move his hand harder and faster.

Will was lost in pleasure with his head lolling, leaves and flowers stuck in his curls, Nigel uncaring as to the dirt on his face, or else even more aroused by it. They both moaned at how easily Nigel entered his boy. They could feel, of course, that Will was already changing and they were being bound together as they'd dreamed, even as they chased pleasure in each other's bodies under the moonlight.

The husbands drowned out the crowing birds, scampering and twittering chipmunks, and the curious call of the owls, every normal, echoing sound of the forest crushed under the weight of their louder moans.

They rolled around in the flowers and leaves, and Nigel fucked Will with sharp, intense rolls and snaps of his hips. He was doing it in a targeted way, from a primal desire to force the pleasure out of Will, urged on by the short, wild cries and moans he caused with his thick cock slamming in and out.

Will scratched at Nigel's back as the older man started to come, nearly roaring as his hot seed filled the boy so deeply. Nigel smiled, a twisting thing of angry joy like a knife, and stroked Will with that same rough touch that felt too good, and caused a fearful, weeping orgasm while the boy's release spurted all over him, smeared between them both.

The older man took this moment of cresting pleasure to lick at the Wolf's Kiss in just such a way that the over-sensitive wound ignited with more flooding stabs of pleasure and pain that felt like getting fucked endlessly by Nigel, in ways Will couldn't imagine or explain, he could only feel.

His body seemed almost to rise off the ground as the forceful bliss of the wound stimulation joined with the throes of orgasm.

By the time Nigel knotted him, growling more and kissing Will's lips with fire and possessive fervor, the younger man actually could do nothing more than faint out of impossibly powerful pleasure. Shocked down to the core even as the essence of him was changing and reshaping to fit even more closely and exactly to Nigel, the key to his lock, Will grinned as if drunk

while Nigel made him feel even more, holding him down hard and knotting him deep, stating in guttural tones to whom he belonged, demanding that Will feel it and know it.

And Will fainted away, still smiling.

Nigel didn't come back to any sort of rational thinking until late morning. Their area of the forest being pleasantly remote in such scenarios, no one happened by to see the two men with their clothes ripped open, the bigger one still inside the younger as they slept, clinging to each other. Sealed together. No one saw, that is, except for the animals. Will woke knowing he, too, was an animal now, and loving it.

Although Nigel tried to apologize for being that fierce and out of his mind the night before, Will only smiled in a blissful state of satisfied victory and domestic satisfaction. "Not a word of it, my husband, you know my proclivities well enough. Surely you at least suspected, or suspect my pleasure in your beastly insistence was equally immense."

"I'm so glad, darling," Nigel breathed out, fascinated and in awe of the bite. When he could pull carefully out of his lover with a moan of deprivation and yet a sated sense of bodily need, for the time being, Nigel stood and stretched.

He carried Will home then and took him to bed, where he cleaned and tended to the wound as he had been taught by his former pack so long ago. Everything seemed so long ago before there was Will.

There were a few days of solid bedrest to follow, taken over by the fever which made Will sweaty and thrashing in the blankets as Nigel took care of him gently. Will, meanwhile, would ever so often grin and steal kisses, trying to get Nigel to make love to him until, with his sweaty, tousled curls, shining skin and vivid eyes, he succeeded.

"You'll be the death of me," Nigel panted afterwards. "I wonder if we'll ever untangle these sheets, my boy, but more to the point, I highly doubt that was a wise idea. Surely we may have worsened your fever. It won't break for another day at least. You must drink your water…"

Will laughed at Nigel's already doting and fretting over him, while still shaking and breathing so hard from coming. This time, he'd been able to hold back from knotting, but barely. Will would get it even deeper and fuller the next time, he knew, with a shiver of joyful anticipation.

"I'm fine. Nigel? I am the personification of happiness itself. You are perfect in every detail, especially in the ones you find so flawed. Perfect. Much as you treasure me, you are my treasure."

Nigel blushed in his nakedness as Will kissed his hand. The younger man held his husband's hand in his hot one while he drank his water slowly as he was supposed to. He'd broken enough of his "doctor's" orders for one day.

"I seem to have forgotten my scolding, darling, but I'm sure I must be angry with you for seducing me when I am meant to be calmly nursing you." Nigel chuckled in that breathless

way he did when with his husband, face ducked.

He blushed deeper, the flush of his skin deep, rosy pink and spreading across his chest. Sitting on the bed, he looked down at his well-fucked, naughty, grinning boy, his wild creature, long before the bite.

“What’s to be my punishment?” Will asked cheekily.

Nigel laughed more brightly and leaned down to kiss his lips. “To follow my orders this time until the fever breaks. I shall reward you when you recover, if you are good.”

“I can be good,” Will suggested archly. He soon kicked Nigel, his pale leg and foot appearing suddenly from the tangled sheets. “Hey! Sometimes I can be good. And you know it.”

Nigel’s eyes warmed. “I do, my Little Red Riding Hood. I know nothing more surely than I know that.”

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It was a wondrous thing to find that life unraveled in a way almost completely identical to Will’s imaginings of their new existence as husbands and also mates. The first Change he endured was as painful as Nigel had warned, but he was held and soothed through it by the best and strongest of men, and faced it as bravely as Nigel had expected, even with his heart in his throat.

Finally, Will broke and reshaped, the cold weather getting to him faster than Nigel because of his freshly changed nature, sensitive and easily responsive. But once Nigel saw Will, with Will’s very same sparkling, bright blue eyes, as a stunning, slender, sleek but frisky-looking wolf, instinct took over as surely as his laughing joy at such perfect recognition. Will didn’t look any different to him in this form.

That might have been because Nigel, too, had changed suddenly, with a faster, sharp transition resulting from his mate’s shift. They stood together, wolves in the forest, locking gazes before they nuzzled their faces together happily.

They could now understood one another exactly if they chose to communicate certain thoughts with their minds. However, Nigel did not really need this ability to hear what Will said next. It was in his sapphire eyes as they looked into his amber-gold ones with a single challenge. Nigel was always ready for this request, and this time was no exception.

“*Catch me if you can.*”

End Notes

Wolf!Nigel x Little Red Riding Will playlist:
https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3cTAiCNlpYg2MJLRTRPlLL?si=3c033a5b2dbf4928

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